

SATURDAY MORNING

I can't sit here long.
I've got chores
to do: kindling to
cut, trees to water,
dogs to walk.
I can't sit long.
I've got a woman
to service, dirty
underwear to wash
& an aching head
with a rip or
two to suture.

TIME TO LET GO

He's 74 & dying
of cancer. He's
so weak he can't
sit up. His voice
is a whisper.
It's time to let
go, but he can't.
He's afraid he'll
be forgotten. Every
thing he's done,
everyone he
loves, lost.

GENE'S ART

Gene Oldfield's notebooks
are filled with graphs,
diagrams, equations,
even words.
He's building a complex
electronic network
inside an aluminum
housing on wheels.
It'll have a left
& right brain, a
motoheart, sonar eyes
& infrared whiskers.
It'll be able to
go to the kitchen
or the bedroom
& read your space
like a far
distant relative.

PHYLLIS' BLUES

Phyllis is blue.
Bruise blue.
She's 45 &
dreams have faded.
A talented artist,
she has fallen
into the trap
of self-doubt.
She doesn't want
to go anywhere,
see anyone &
can hardly get
any art made.
She knows her
toughness is
being tested,
but she doesn't
know where to
turn for strength.